



B

The Parliament of BEES.

A FABLE.

By the Author of the *Fables of Young ÆSOP*, lately Published.

13. Dec. 1697.



The FABLE.

After that *x Sol*, full Forty Years had shone
(Tho oft eclips'd) the *Western Bees* among,
O'erclouded 'twas by the *Vulturian Shade*,
Making the lovely *Rose* * and *Thistle* Fade :
Nor was there wanting gloomy *Fogs* t'appear,
With Sulph'rous *Brimstone*, round the *Hemisphere* :
Themis, || with *Astrea*, and *Nemesis*,
Soon soar'd far from the *Bees Metropolis* ;
And *Sol*, at length o'ermafter'd, quickly fell
Into a Dire *Eclipse*, more dark than *Hell*.
Nor yet were wanting strong ¶ *Tyberian Winds*,
To usher *Locusts* in, t'infect the minds
Of each *Industrious Bee*. — In short, their Sight
So dim was grown, no glimpse they had of Light ;
Locusts destroy'd their *Combs*, their *Hives* ; and all
Seem'd but an interlude t' a greater Fall :
Till Heav'n (no longer Patient was, to see
Hell ride a-tilt) inspir'd a Royal † *BEE*
T'repel those *Clouds*, and let the *Sun* shine free. }
So soon his *Soul* the Offer did accept,
So soon the *Romish Wolves* to'ards *Tyber* crept ;
Astrea return'd, and both her *Sisters* came
T'enlighten *Sol* with a far brighter Flame.
At which the *Bees* a Parliament do call,
And to this *Vote* they soon Consented all ;

Viz. *We Bees*, in Parliament agree
To chuse ourselves a *King*,
To make such *Laws*, as *Liberty*
And *Comfort* may us bring.
And since our *Hives* from *Beasts* are freed
By Him, who Heav'n did send,
Crown'd let him be great *Albion's Head*,
It's Rights for to Defend.

Which done some *Whapfish*, *Bastard-Bees* Contrive
Their lawful *King* and *Sovereign* to Slay,
Because he did Secure each Subject's *Hive*
From all the rav'nous *Wolves*, and *Beasts* of *Prey* ;
But in the very in'trim they were took ;
And justly Hang'd on a *Triangle-Hook*.

Ad scelerum Panas ultrix venit ira tonantis
Hoc graviore Manu, quo graviore Pede.

x The true
protestant
Religion.

y Great
Britain.

* Church
& State.

¶ Themis,
her Office

instru-
ing Man-
kind to do

what is
just and
right. As

trea is the
Princes

of Justice

who de-
scended

from Hea-
ven to the

Earth, &
being of-
fended at

the Wick-
edness of

mankind,
ascended

up again.
Nemesis

is a God-
dess, that

rewards
Virtue &
punisheth

Vice.

¶ The Ro-
mish Cler-
gy, with

their Pop-
ular in-
trigues, &

damnable
principles

¶ His most
Sacred
Majesty,

King
William,

the third,
then P. of
Orange.

THE EPITHYMION.

By this *Fable*, all our disaffected *Jack-Daws*, I
mean those *Bastard Englishmen*, who are One
Third *Jackish*, but the other Two *Romish*
and *Hellish* ; (I know not what-ish, nor them-
selves neither) who would Slay the *Lord's Anoint-*
ed, and make his *House* a *Den* for *Thieves*, *Whore-*
mongers, and *Idolaters*, to act their obscene Villanies
in ; and bring in those who wou'd be *Iron-moulds* in
their *Charters*, destroy their *Liberties*, and corrupt the
True *Protestant Religion*, turning it from *Christi-*
anism to worse than *Paganism* ; and compelling those
to burn for *CHRIST*, who will not turn to *An-*
ti-Christ, his unholy Holiness the *Pope* ; [See the
Fables of Young Æsop, p. 43.] and Worship a *Stock*,
a *Stone*, or dead *Dog*, instead of the True and Living
GOD. Those *Maggots*, who had rather have the
Bramble, a sharp Prince, to be as a *Thorn* in their Sides,
to Vex them Cruelly, by Oppressing and Impoveri-
shing his Subjects with *Impositions*, to enrich and in-
able *Foreign Princes* to come and Cut their Throats,
than to enjoy Heav'n's blessed *OLIVE-TREE*,
under whose sweet Nature and Clemency, they
might live Merrily and Richly. By this, I say,
all those may learn their Duties to that *KING*,
whose Praise, had I the Tongues of Men and
Angels, I could not sufficiently set forth ! That
KING, whose Sword has preserv'd them from *Pe-*
pery, *Slavery*, and Arbitrary Power. That *KING*
and *PRINCE*, whose Sword has so lately restor'd
to us with Peace, all our ancient *Liberties*, *Prop-*
erties, and the *Protestant Religion*. That *KING*
whose Heav'n-born Immortal *SOUL*, display'd
for his Banner, the sweet and precious Oracles of the
Eternal GOD. That *KING* and *HEROE*
who has expos'd his Royal immatchless Person to the
dangers of Cannon-balls more than Seven Summers
to establish the true Church, which before was a *Hive*
for the *Locusts* of *Rome* to Swarm in.

And by the *whapfish Bees* in the *Fable*, we may understand
those murmuring, caballing, & assassinating Regicides, the *Jack-*
[to their Praise be it spoken *Englishmen* !] whose Brethren, lately
employ'd in that hellish Service, were *Cathied* and Paid out
in *Tyburn*. Therefore I advise 'em all to beware, lest they ar-
Noor'd, [not as Sir *Edm-Bury Godfrey* was, with his own Neck
cloath] but fairly and deservedly in a *Hempen-String* alle.

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